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## THE HEART OF FIRE; OR, MOTHER VERSUS DAUGHTER.

A REVELATION OF CHICAGO LIFE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

Author of "The Ace of Spades," "The Scarlet Hand," "The Witches of New York," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

UNDER THE MOON.

With a light, graceful step the young girl whom the two watchers on the opposite sidewalk had marked leaving the store—proceeded up Clark street to Madison, then turned into that street.

Kelford and Wirt had followed in pursuit. On turning into Madison street, however, they took the other sidewalk, instead of following directly in the footsteps of the girl. By this plan they were able to keep her in sight, without letting her discover that she was followed.

Not many people were using Madison street as a thoroughfare, for it was getting late, and the street was almost deserted.

The girl pressed onward, as if in a hurry to reach her home.

"When we reach the bridge I'll get on ahead of her," Wirt said, and both he and Kelford quickened their pace.

Wirt hurried over the bridge, and soon was half a block or so in advance of the girl. Then he crossed the street, walked on until he passed Desplaines street, and thus selected a dark place in the middle of the block, and waited for the girl to come.

She was coming on rapidly, and had little idea that she had been followed all the way from her place of rest. She had worked later than usual, and though she felt but little apprehension of being molested on her homeward path, yet still, as the hour was so late, she was walking as fast as possible.

Kelford was quite close behind her, ready to play his part in the coming tableau, yet he had little faith in the device of his friend.

After crossing Desplaines street, Kelford perceived Wirt coming down the street in a very erratic style. He was occupying all the sidewalk, from the houses to the curb-stone.

Kelford could not help smiling as he watched his ally rolling along.

The girl, too, noticed the approach of the man apparently so much under the influence of John Barleycorn's distillments. For a second she paused, and hesitated whether to go on or retreat; but as the drunken stranger was minding his own business, and was apparently too much occupied in keeping erect to notice any one, she determined to proceed.

But on approaching the reeling fellow he headed directly for her.

The girl stopped in affright. What to do she knew not.

The street was almost deserted, but she heard the footsteps of Kelford approaching behind her. Quickly she turned her head, as if to call to him for assistance.

Wirt laughed in his sleeve when he perceived this evident intention. The game was half won before a move had been made. Wirt saw plainly that all he had to do would be to speak, and the lady would gladly accept the protection of his friend.

"Why, Miss Splinter, how y' do? Low me to offer my 'tection,' Wirt said, in capital imitation of a drunken man, reeling up to the girl with outstretched hand.

PEARL, ANTICIPATING TROUBLE, PRESSED TIMIDLY TO THE SIDE OF KELFORD.

"Sir!" exclaimed the girl, half in anger and half in fright.

"Don't apologize; I scuse you," said Wirt, with true drunken gravity, and making another dive toward the girl.

Kelford at this moment arrived upon the scene.

"You have made some mistake, sir," he said, hardly able to keep a sober face on as he watched the comical attitudes of Wirt.

"What a man—know 'bout it, eh? I'm a gen'leman—a first-class gen'leman, you bet! How's that for high?" and he made a lurch against Kelford as he spoke.

Wirt, anticipating trouble, pressed timidly to the side of Kelford.

"Oh, please tell him, sir, that he has made a mistake, and that I do not know him," she said to Kelford, quickly.

"With the greatest of pleasure," he replied, and then turned to the supposed drunkard: "This lady says that you have made a mistake, and that she does not know you."

"Yes, I am an orphan; not only that, but I am a foundling. I never knew either my father or mother. I was deserted by my parents when I was an infant, was reared by charity, and have not a relative in the world that I know of."

"What a sad story!" exclaimed the young man, impulsively. "But who gave you your name?"

"The people who took care of me. They were English, and gave me their own name—treated me as a daughter."

"Are these the people that you live with here?"

"Yes."

"You have hardly missed your own parents, then."

"I have not missed them at all."

"How, Miss Cudlipp, that you will permit our acquaintance to continue beyond this meeting to-night; that at some future time you will permit me to call upon you?"

"And you are willing to call upon me now that you know that I am friendless and alone in the world?" she asked, an earnest look in the great gray eyes.

"What difference can that make to me? May I come?"

"Yes," the girl answered, slowly, and dropping her eyes from his earnest gaze.

"Good-night, then!" he said, while joy danced merrily in his eyes.

A single pressure of hands and he was gone.

Pearl leaned on the fence-post, and with thoughtful, wishful eyes watched him, the moonbeams glancing down upon her shapeless little head.

"You remember me, do you not, Miss Cudlipp?" he asked, as they walked onward.

"Yes," she said, after a moment's hesitation; "but how did you know my name?"

"I heard you called by your name in the shop."

"None in the least," replied Kelford, halting measure as he walked up the street with the girl he loved.

The light pressure of the plump little arm upon his sent a thrill of joy dancing through every vein.

"You remember me, do you not, Miss Cudlipp?" he asked, as they walked onward.

"Yes," she said, after a moment's hesitation; "but how did you know my name?"

"I heard you called by your name in the shop."

"Ah! there is a way then of getting into

### CHAPTER IX.

BERTRAND FASCINATES RICK.

A SMILE of pleasure came over the bronzed face of Bertrand as the boy confirmed his suspicions respecting a secret entrance to the room which had been assigned to him.

"Ah! there is a way then of getting into

this room without using the door?" he said.

"Yes," replied the boy.

"Where is it?"

"Have you hunted for it?" asked the boy, with a cunning leer.

"Yes."

"And didn't find it?"

"Your guess is right. I have not discovered it yet. I have examined the walls, the ceiling and the floor, thoroughly," replied Bertrand, who was puzzled that the secret mode of entry into his room had escaped his search.

"Look here," said the hunchback, rising from his seat; then he moved the little table away from the wall.

The walls of the room were hung with common striped paper.

The table removed, the hunchback pointed to a dark line on the wall that the table had hid from Bertrand's search. The dark line ran along the wall, about three feet from the floor.

"That's the top of the door," said the boy, pointing to the faint, dark line as he spoke.

"It is a little door, then?"

"Yes, 'bout two foot wide, and 'bout three foot high."

"Where does it lead to?"

"Into the next room; it's a bedroom just like this."

"Is the door fastened on the other side?"

"Yes, a little bolt; anybody wouldn't notice it, 'cos there's a piece of paper over it, same kind of paper that's on the wall," the boy answered.

"Then in the middle of the night any one that knew of the existence of this door could easily get into this room without waking me?"

"Just so, mister," the hunchback replied, with a grin.

"That's pleasant," said Bertrand, thoughtfully.

The hunchback watched him sharply with his keen little eyes.

The boy obeyed the command and replaced the table.

Bertrand drank a glass of the ale, then refilled the glass and passed it over to the hunchback. The face of the boy fully expressed the pleasure that he felt in being treated in this familiar way. Bertrand had fascinated the hunchback.

As Bertrand passed the glass over to the boy his eyes fell upon the lamp that, burning upon the table, lighted up the room. Only a small quantity of oil was in that lamp, hardly enough to last another hour.

"Not much oil here, Rick," he said, holding up the light; "an hour or so and I shall be in darkness."

"You can light the gas," replied the boy.

"Is there gas here?"

"Yes," and the hunchback pointed to the head of the bed; above the headboard Bertrand saw the gas-burner. His previous scrutiny had not extended to that part of the room.

"That is excellent!" cried Bertrand, with an air of satisfaction. The location of the gas-burner suited his purpose admirably.

In repose on the bed he could easily reach the gas-burner with his hand, and should any thing suspicious occur during the night, a single movement of the hand and he could illuminate the apartment with a flood of light.

"If I only had a weapon now, I would defend the malice of this she-devil," he murmured to himself; "her spirit must have been tamed down to consent to such toil as that. Can she have changed? Can her Heart of Fire be tamed to one of flesh? Perhaps—but, no, it is impossible! When the tiger changes his stripes then she will change, but not before."

Rick watched the face of Bertrand with great curiosity.

"You and Miss Lurie used to know each other, didn't you?" questioned the boy.

Bertrand laughed at the question.

"Perhaps," he said.

"Well, good-night, mister; I'll go, 'cos they may think down-stairs there's something up if I stay here so long." As he spoke, the boy moved toward the door.

"Good-night, Rick. Remember that when I want you, you are to come."

"All right, mister." The door closed behind the boy. Bertrand awaited the coming of his secret foe.

"A Remington," he said, musingly.

"How many times the balls of these playthings in the hands of the 'blue coats' have whistled about my head down in old Rockensack! I should like to see Arkansas again, but I'm afraid that my life wouldn't be worth much in that region."

Then he turned and addressed the boy. "This is just the thing, Rick; I am much obliged to you. Finish the ale," and as he spoke he poured what remained of the liquor into the glass.

"Sit down and drink it up, my lad. I've taken quite a fancy to you. I think that you have quick wits and keen eyes. I want a lad like you. How would you like to leave this den and go with me?"

The boy's eyes sparkled with delight as the welcome words fell upon his ears.

"I'd like to go, but—"

"But what?" said Bertrand, kindly.

"I ain't fit to go with a gentleman like you, and I'm a hunchback," the mournful tone of the boy's voice told how keenly he felt his degradation.

"A gentleman!" exclaimed Bertrand, laughing.

"I don't look much like a gentleman in these rags," and he glanced down contemptuously at his coarse garments as he spoke.

"Maybe you've got a reason why you wear them," said the boy, shrewdly.

"Yes, I have a reason, Rick; and a very good one, too, but though my fortunes may be desperate now, yet I am sure they will not always continue so. What do you say? will you go with me when I want you?"

"But my hump?" said the boy, doubtfully.

"So long as your tongue is straight, what do I care if your back is crooked?" exclaimed Bertrand. "I want one who will serve me faithfully; one who has the courage to carry out my orders. What say you, will you be that one?"

"Yes," said the boy, promptly.

"It is a bargain, then!" cried Bertrand, grasping the hand of the boy, and for a moment holding it within his own. "And now tell me, Rick, who and what are you? Are your parents living?"

"I never had any that I know of," said the hunchback, sorrowfully.

"An orphan, eh?"

"Yes, sir; I been knocked about ever since I kin remember. I tried to be a bootblack and fot to sell papers, but the other boys made fun of me 'cos I had a crooked back, and walloped me 'cos I was weak and little. At last I come here with 'Mister Casper. That was 'bout two years ago."

"And was this girl—this Lurie—here when you came?" Bertrand asked, carelessly.

"No, sir."

"Ah, how long has she been here?"

"'Bout two months," the boy replied.

"Her father—he's the man wet keeps the house—was taken sick, and she come to take care of him."

"Not much oil here, Rick," he said, holding up the light; "an hour or so and I shall be in darkness."

"You know where she came from? Do you know?" Bertrand asked.

"Yes, from Wilmington; it ain't very far from here."

"I know where it is," Bertrand said. "Do you know what she was doing in Wilmington?"

"Yes, she was keeping school there," the boy answered.

Bertrand's face showed surprise.

"A school-teacher, eh?" he murmured slowly, to himself; "her spirit must have been tamed down to consent to such toil as that. Can her Heart of Fire be tamed

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"Yes."

"Of course I know him; he says that I keep as good liquor as any man in Chicago," said the landlord, with pride.

"Your good liquor is not the attraction that draws him to this house," Lurie spoke dryly.

"What then?"

"Your daughter."

"You?"

"Yes."

"Blazes!" growled the old man, in astonishment. "You don't say so!"

"It is the truth," replied Lurie; "he happened to see me the first time that he ever entered these doors. He comes now to see me; that is the reason of his visiting here. He told me so on his last visit."

"Another one bewitched, eh?"

"Yes; he is in love with me."

"Much good it will do him!" said the landlord, in a surly way.

"It will do him a great deal of good, for I am going to marry him," replied Lurie, quietly.

"What?" cried the father, opening his eyes wide in astonishment.

"I repeat, I am going to become his wife," replied the girl.

"You marry old Middough! Why, he's worth a hundred thousand, sure!" said the old man, in a tone which plainly indicated that he was thoroughly astonished.

"And yet, with all his money, he wishes to make me his wife. He told me so on his last visit. He says the fact that I am only a poor girl, and far removed from the circle in which he moves, does not matter in the least. He is willing to marry me, even if it displeases all his relatives."

"And what did you say?"

"I requested time to think it over, and promised him that I would give him a decided answer when he returned to Chicago," said Lurie.

"Well, now, that is a chance for you!" cried the father, in delight. "Old Middough's got plenty of money. I might have known that if you ever looked at him with those eyes of yours, he was a gone coon. How soon are you going to be married?"

"I can not tell now," said the girl, thoughtfully, and contracting her brows as she spoke.

"Why not?" asked the father. "The sooner the better, I should say."

"And so I should have said, an hour ago," replied the girl, an angry look upon her face as she spoke.

"An hour ago?"

"Yes, before this stranger came."

"What has he got to do with it?" demanded the old man, with ugly decision.

"Every thing!" cried the girl, bitterly. "I can never marry Middough, while this man is living!"

"No?"

"Not without great risk."

"Well, I don't understand," muttered the old man, dubiously.

"And I can not fully explain. There are some dark passages in my life, father, that must be kept secret, even from you."

"And this cuss has got something to do with them events?"

"Yes."

"Why, he's only a poor shoot, anyway. Give him a ten-dollar note to clear out," said the landlord, sagaciously.

"Ten dollars!" cried Lurie, in contempt. "Father, you do not know this man. He could not be turned from his way by ten thousand dollars."

"No!" and the worthy landlord of the Kankakee House again opened his eyes widely in astonishment.

"No," repeated the girl; "his nature is like my own—cold, hard and pitiless; but, he does not give way to passion like I do. His heart is iron, his will an unbending one. I have not forgotten, though it is years since I have looked upon his face. I thought him dead, but I recognized him at once, although he has changed greatly."

"Then he ain't a friend of yours," said the old man, thoughtfully.

"A friend, no!" cried the girl, with bitterness in her tone; "he is my deadly enemy!"

"How kin he prevent you from marrying Middough, if you and he agree for to hitch teams?"

"I can not tell you that; it must remain a secret, but he can prevent my marriage with Middough or with any one else."

"Ain't you dreaming?" asked the old man, incredulously.

"Oh, no!" cried Lurie, bitterly. "I am wide awake, though would to heaven that it were all a dream. I tell you, father, that were I standing by the altar and the minister was reading the service which was to make me a wife, this man, with one single word, could stop all. He could make me leave the altar's side and follow him throughout the world!" Earnestly the words came from her lips.

The old man stared at her for a few moments in silence.

"I spose that this chap an' you have had some love affair," he said, at length.

"Yes," said Lurie, slowly.

"Well, it's funny that I don't know any thing 'bout it. I'm sure I never see'd him afore," said the old man, evidently puzzled.

"Oh, yes; he was at Kankakee, and stopped at our house there, years ago," replied the girl.

"What?" and a sudden light appeared to break in upon the old fellow's bewildered brain. "I remember now: you went

away from us and were gone 'bout a year, an' you never told any thing 'bout it. Was he mixed up in that?"

"Yes."

"He was your lover then?"

"Yes, and I once loved him as I had never loved before, and perhaps as I shall never love again," said the girl, a tinge of sadness in her voice as she spoke.

"You don't love him now?"

"Love him? I hate him!" cried the girl, her voice full of fiery passion.

"And does he love you?"

"No; he hates me as bitterly as I do him," she replied. "I thought at first that he had not recognized me, but, his parting speech convinced me that he remembered as I remembered."

"What's to be done?" said the old man, thoughtfully.

"He must not interfere with my plans!" cried Lurie, a wicked light sparkling in her clear blue eyes. "By marrying this old man—who every sense I have snared to my will—I gain all that I wish for in this world. I am tired of being drudge. I would be rich. The chains that this old captain offers are golden ones; all that I desire in the world, he will give me. I want peace and rest. I would forget the past—forget the life linked in by days and nights of suffering. In the gay world of fashion I can forget. Then the bitter memories will not crowd in like an inky mantle upon my brain. I am young yet; I would enjoy my life; taste the pleasure that the world can give me and which I have never yet enjoyed."

"But this man is right in the way," observed the old man, thoughtfully, and an evil expression appeared upon his hard features.

"Father, he must be put out of the way," said the girl, lowly and sternly.

"Well, I thought of that," replied the old man, in the same cautious tones.

"He must die that I may live. It is a struggle for existence between us. I must crush him or he will crush me."

"He's right in the trap, too," said the old man, grimly.

"Yes, such another chance may never occur. He knows me, I am sure of it, for he called me by the old pet name that he used years ago. He attempted to make it appear as if it was but the result of an accident, the using of the expression, but I examine it. This occasioned a delay of fifteen minutes.

For fifteen minutes the actor lay perfectly quiet; but then suddenly there was a sign of returning consciousness. A shiver passed through his frame, then another, and in a moment he sat up in the snow, and gazed around him. In an instant every thing flashed over him; and there around him were the marks of the recent struggle. Then a terrible thought went like a racing wind through his brain, and by a quick effort he sprung to his feet.

Frank Hayworth did not pause, but glancing around him in every direction he buttoned his coat about him, and strode on down Twelfth street. Just before he reached Catherine street he fancied he saw before him a flitting figure. He paused to examine it. This occasioned a delay of some minutes.

But then, all at once, whatever it was, the figure disappeared. And then the actor stood in Catherine street. He started suddenly as if pierced with a knife; for just then a long, wailing shriek, and then an agonizing cry for help, rang out from the old house just above, which he knew so well, and echoed with startling effect upon the sleeping air.

Frank Hayworth knew that shriek—that cry. He waited not a moment but dashed on. When he reached the house he found the door not only locked, but evidently barred.

And still the cries came forth from that upper room.

Putting his shoulder against the panel, and exerting his whole strength, the actor was gratified in seeing the door give way with a crash; and in a moment the young man had bounded up-stairs, and then stood in the room of Agnes Hope, the actress.

He glanced around him like a tiger; but he saw no object upon which to wreak his vengeance. He glanced at the window through which the night-wind was sweeping raw and chill; then he shrugged his shoulders.

Hurrying to the window, he closed the sash, and returned at once to Agnes.

The poor girl was lying on the floor, her face to the bare boards, her long black hair in wild disarray falling over her head in disordered profusion. She did not move a limb.

In an instant the actor knelt by her side, and raised the girl in his strong arms.

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late, and then he was almost certain that Agnes was sitting up waiting for him.

We might as well in this place tell the reader the advertisement which had so startled Frank Hayworth.

It read thus:

"FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD for specific information as regards the whereabouts of my beloved daughter, Sadie Sayton." She left my home clandestinely a little over three weeks ago, and from what I can learn, and from what I suspect, she has gone to Philadelphia. Should this meet her eye, I beg her for her old love of me to return to her poor distracted father, who is sick in mind and in body.

"Any one giving reliable information of my dear daughter can obtain the above reward, besides a father's undying gratitude, by addressing

COLONEL SAYTON,

Charles City C. H., Va."

Late this same night two men in an open furniture-wagon, drove up to the entrance of a small squallid alley below Fitzwater street, and alighted.

No word was spoken, and the men disappeared in the alley. They were gone a few moments, when they returned, bearing between them, a large, heavy frame-work, which resembled rudely a printing press. This they hurriedly yet softly deposited in the wagon, and at once returned up the alley.

A few moments elapsed, when they reappeared a second time, bringing between them another similar apparatus, which they likewise deposited in the wagon.

Then they looked around them carefully in all directions. No one was in sight.

Leaping into the wagon they drove away—not hastily, but slowly, guardedly. At length they reached Fifteenth street. Into this they turned.

As soon as they had well entered Fifteenth street, the driver struck the horse a smart blow, and away the wagon rattled. The animal was not spared, and the vehicle sped rapidly away.

The men did not draw rein until they had reached Coates street, far away. Here they paused for a moment in their headlong career, and looked cautiously about them.

Still there was no one in sight.

They at once turned the horse's head to the left, and in a moment were rattling out the street last mentioned. On they clattered and jolted, making the silent, sleeping streets to echo again and again.

Now and then a window-sash was suddenly hurled up, and a night-capped head was protruded. But the poor horse was not running away, and the sash went down again.

The wagon clattered on straight out Coates street. The thickly inhabited portion of the thoroughfare was left behind; and then, at length, they entered the limits of the park.

Still they drew not rein. On they dashed, taking the road leading over the little bridge toward Lemon Hill. At the base of the hill they turned sharply, keeping the broad road leading around the cliffs, and skirting the river.

All at once they drew rein. They had reached a point around the bend above the BACHELORS' Barge-house.

There, tied to the bank, was a large row-boat, lying motionless in the black, half-congealed, sleeping river.

In a moment the men had leaped to the ground, and secured the panting horse.

In ten minutes they had transferred the singular wagon-load, they had hauled to the boat, and leaping in, shoyed off the skiff, bent to the oars, and were soon urging the craft against the freezing current, upriver.

They had to keep well out in the stream, for the river was fast being frozen over; in fact, it was already covered with a thin coating; and along the shore, where the boat had lain, the ice was quite thick, necessitating considerable effort before the heavily-laden barge could be got clear, and into comparatively smooth water.

The men rowed on—not pausing once for breath. The Girard avenue bridge was passed; then Columbia bridge; still the men urged the boat onward.

At length they drew near the silent shades of Laurel Hill Cemetery. Suddenly turning the head in shore, they drove the craft rapidly through the thickly-forming ice until it grated on the pebbles of the beach.

The men leaped ashore, and at once set to work to unload the boat. Lading themselves, this time, with both of the singular-looking pieces of framework at once, they began the ascent of the sharp hill.

They were men of brawn, and they did not even stop once, though the load they bore was enormous, and the hill they were ascending almost like a wall.

At last they reached the summit, and even here they did not stop.

They plunged ahead amid the snow, and amid the dense trees and pale spectral marbles, as if they were at home in the locality.

Suddenly, however, they paused at the entrance of an old, decayed vault, built into a shelving hill in the cemetery.

The men laid aside their load, and kicked away the thick snow before the door. Then one of them applied a key to the rusted lock, and the door of the charnel house swung back.

The men waited not, but immediately lugged in the pieces of framework, and closed the door behind them.

The dawn was just breaking when two men entered the wagon, away by the boat-house, and drove off toward the city.

And in this early light it was easy to see that a solid sheet of ice covered the bosom of the Schuylkill.

The sun could not have been an hour high the next morning when the Lady Maud, having nicely arranged a large waiter, containing a bountiful breakfast, made her way up-stairs to Sadie's room.

In a moment or so, she had softly turned the bolt, and as softly entered the peculiarly arranged, badly ventilated, yet gorgeously and gaudily furnished apartment. Then placing the waiter upon a table, she turned around and gazed at the silent form of her who lay so motionless on the bed.

The Lady Maud had slept so soundly herself the night before, when once she was in bed, that her eyes were not now even as much as they might have been.

But she drew near the bed and gazed earnestly at Sadie, who was slumbering so sweetly, so innocently. Then, as a soft expression crept apace over the woman's stern face, she stepped to the door, and pushed it gently, wide open, to allow the pure air to rush in from the hall.

Then she again drew near the bed and looked down on the wondrous fair face of the prisoner-girl—that face now slightly distorted, although calmed into repose by sleep—and marked with a deep line of acute soul-suffering.

Several moments elapsed, and still the Lady Maud bent her eyes on the helpless form and childlike face of Sadie Sayton.

The girl turned in her sleep, and murmured gently a few inaudible words, so faint indeed, that they scarcely broke the silence of the apartment. A sweet, heavenly smile, like the changes of a fading sunset, flitted over her face.

Her voice was choked and hoarse, and at the fearful rage in her tones Grace trembled.

"I could not help it, Rena! Could you? he is so handsome, so noble, so god-like! But it's so strange he can love me—" she stopped short, appalled by the intense light in Rena's eyes.

For a moment she remained silent; then, when she spoke, her voice was quiet—oh, frightenedly calm.

"We will leave this subject. As I before said, I will win Chester D'Lyon, though a deadly pallor rouged the roses from her cheeks, and a frown, darkly wrinkled the sweet, sad face.

Then, suddenly, the nervous right hand—which had lain extended by the girl's side—darted out into life. In it was tightly gripped the flashing dirk-knife.

With a slight cry of alarm and astonishment, Lady Maud drew back; but instantly approached nearer and said, in a low breath, to herself.

"Gracie, my darling, I am beside myself. I never meant what I said. I was mad, I am mad to speak such words, to think such thoughts. But, oh, the agony in my heart is more than I can bear!"

She laid her haughty head on Grace's shoulder.

"I am so grieved, so troubled, Rena, dear, that you care for him. If I can do anything for you I will gladly. You'll forgive me? promise me that?"

Down under the tiny hands that covered her face, came that satanic smile again, that ominous flash of those purple-black eyes.

Then she raised her face to Grace's.

"Forgive you, pet? will you forgive me?"

And on that polished forehead Grace pressed a guiltless kiss.

"Rena, let me beg one favor of you. Please, please, Rena, do not tell Chester about St. John Warrington."

An anxious look clouded her face until Rena looked brightly up.

"Not I, cara mia. Will you run down, now, and give Mrs. Wood the orders for a lunch?"

With her fairy gracefulness she departed, and Rena gazed after her, a darkening shadow gathering over her face, and in her eyes a concentrated, insufferable brilliance, so radiant that you could not tell whether it was a white light or a black shade.

"Poor, contemptible little fool! Does she think I shall let him slip so easily? I love him; I will win him, despite her. I will be pitiless—yes, pitiless as Fate!"

"Well, what can you say to this most infamous charge?"

Chester D'Lyon stood frowning upon the six months' wife, who, in her beauty and grief, was bowing like a bruised reed.

"Answer me, Grace, and tell me if it is true? if this St. John Warrington, the lover who wooed you before I came, has dared address himself to you again, you a married woman—you, my wife, Mrs. Chester D'Lyon?"

He was a haughty, handsome man, who almost worshiped the child-wife he had won so shortly before; and, as he stood there now, her accuser, there was a tender, pitiful light in his splendid large brown eyes as he gazed upon her bowed head.

"Grace, I command that you tell me. Have you seen St. John Warrington since we were married?"

A faint flush dawned on her cheeks, and her voice was constrained, while it had a tinge of indignant hauteur.

"I have seen him, Chester."

"More than once?"

The question came in a pained voice.

"More than once. I could not avoid it. It happened—"

A fierce, red light shone in his eyes.

"I care not how it happened. It is enough that you have degraded yourself sufficiently to publicly accept his attentions—the courtesy of a man of his position in society."

"But, Chester, remember—"

"I only remember that Mrs. D'Lyon has displeased me."

With a ceremonious bow, he turned and left her, just as, by a rose-hued curtain-screen, Rena Cameron stepped forth, her beautiful face all aglow with triumph.

Like the murmur of soft-flowing waters,

her voice came to the ears of the grieved, wounded wife.

"Grace, my darling, not in tears? Surely Chester D'Lyon's wife can have no occasion to indulge in that luxury! What troubles you, petite?"

Her soft, cool hand went caressing over Grace's hot cheeks.

"The old jealousy, Rena, my good angel. Chester can't understand I only casually met Mr. Warrington, and did not exchange twenty words with him."

"He must be very obtuse."

How low and sweet the voice was, how triumphantly horrible the eyes were!

"A lady to see me, Parker? and no card? That is strange." Mrs. D'Lyon descended to the parlors.

At the window was the stranger; and, with a haughty bow, she arose as Mrs. D'Lyon entered.

"I have not the pleasure of knowing who I see. Madam, be seated."

"I believe I address Miss Cameron?" asked the stranger.

How strangely the name sounded to her.

"Oh, no. I am Mrs. Chester D'Lyon. And you—"

"I am Grace Elmer D'Lyon, come to vindicate my honor and dethrone you, the treacherous usurper!" She threw back her veil, and disclosed her fair, sweet face.

It was as she had said; and Rena Cameron gazed and gazed till she felt her eyeballs scorch at the sight.

"You Grace D'Lyon—you, the paramour of St. John—"

"Hold, woman! No one knows better than yourself the fearful slanders you forged to poison my noble husband's mind.

You succeeded for a time, but now, my hour has come. St. John Warrington, on his dying bed, sent for me; gave me these letters you sent him, wherein you plotted for him to execute. I shall place them in Chester D'Lyon's hands. Let him choose between us."

"But we thought you were dead—I—"

"I know my husband never dreamed of the lie; he believed every word; he read the death notice that Warrington penned, when he found I would not be tool in his hands as you had been. And after that, for long, long months I lay ill, so ill I never knew where I was. Then, when I recovered and came to seek you, I found you were traveling; or Chester was off on an European tour. I had no money; I could not follow. I dared not write, knowing it would never reach him."

As she spoke, she beckoned a servant passing the door.

"Send your master here, immediately."

A few seconds of grave-like silence, and then Mr. D'Lyon entered.

With a cry of joy she sprung to him.

"Chester! Chester! my darling, I am home again, as pure and true as the day we first met. Here are the proofs."

He caught her in his arms.

"Gracie—my wife! Am I dreaming or is it all true?"

He pressed her fiercely against him, kissing the lips, eyes, hair, regardless of the frozen form that stood regarding them.

"And you believe me, Chester?—believe I only accidentally went away on my own business the day St. John left? and that she did the rest?"

"I believe you as though an angel from heaven had spoken. Oh, Grace, I have been starving for you!"

Then they turned to the guilty woman before them.

"Rena Cameron! what have you to answer to this?"

His tones sent a shiver to her heart—the heart that with all its scheming, was so true in its love for him.

They were sitting in the library—it had once been Grace's favorite room, and he often found himself of late clinging tempestuously to the places and customs she had expressed a partiality for.

"Chester," and Rena laid her fair hands caressingly on his hair, "I had the strangest dream last night. It was of Grace."

Her voice took a low, sympathetic tone whenever she spoke of his dead wife.

"I seemed to see her here again—as of old. It was so real, that I shiver now to think of it. Chester," and she spoke suddenly, "are you sure Grace is dead?"

"Sure? Did we not both read the death in the papers? Did not I receive the wreath of immortelles that St. John Warrington insolently sent me?"

There was a latent anguish in his voice as he spoke.

"You never cared for me as you did for her. Chester, darling, don't you love me? If you but knew how I worship you!"

Her beseeching eyes were gazing at him.

"Rena, what occasion have I ever given you to question my affection? Have you not every thing that money or influence can procure you?"

"I know, I know! but, oh, my husband, if you but knew how I was starving for your love, you'd pity me. Chester, would you believe me when I say I am jealous of your dead wife?"

A dark shade passed over his face.

"Let her rest in peace, Rena. She was an angel on earth, while she loved me; and to-day I verily believe she is an angel up there."

Mrs. D'Lyon came nearer her husband.

"Chester, answer me two questions. If she were here to-day, who would you choose to stay with you?"

Her eyes were lurid with the intense light in their dark depths.

"Before God, Rena, I dare not say I would take you."

A faint cry, like a wail from the regions of the lost, fell from her lips.

"Forgive me, Rena, forgive me. You should not have pressed the unnecessary question."

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**BASDALE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,**  
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**Contributors and Correspondents.**

The bold, PUGITIVE, FROM THERMOPYLE, we will find room for.

Can not use BIG BILL'S BIG SNOW. The author of this MS. much mistakes the requisites of a good "Camp Fire Yarn." Perfect "truth to Nature" in persons, language and event, is absolutely essential. Ralph Ringwood and Captain Mayne Reid are especially happy in this essential—hence their success.

Have returned MSS. SHADOWY HAND and PAUL LEIGHTON'S CABIN. Both were quite too long for their story proper. *Motus in parvo* is a capital motto in literature as in speech.

HUMORS OF CLERICAL LIFE not in our line. The article is rather a magazine than a popular paper contribution.

Poem, SUMMER DAYS AND OVER, is very good. Will give it place. No use for THE DEAD MONTH'S WALL. It is fibbed. Poem, WISHING, is quite too unfinished and crude. The author is young. Poem, AT THE GARDEN GATE, too, is a real theft. We are ashamed for the thief's sake.

Popular songs: EMLINE SLIMMENS; OLD DOG PATE; A CONFUSION OF SONGS; PAT MOHAN'S SCHOOL DAYS, we will lay aside for use at our convenience.

Not available: THE COON TRAIL; THE NIGHT HUNT; PAT CAREY'S CRIME; SPEAKING AFTER THIS PARSON; THREE GOOD EYES; NOT-A-BEAU-JO; A GROVE RETREAT; SIX TO SIX. All that had enclosed stamps have been returned—others delivered to the Morgue.

Mrs. P. G. G.—We have no "fashion department." Such nonsense belongs properly to journals wholly devoted to frippery and folly. We propose to amuse, edify and instruct—not to cater to the worshipers of the French Demimonde.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER? asks if it is not possible for her to break away from the "dread realities" of her dreary, monotonous, hard-worked life and gain a decent living in the great cities. She can't do the work, and learn something. We answer: your hard-work of life is a thousand-fold more desirable than that which thousands of the working women and girls of New York have to endure. Want, misery, soul-suffering and crime are daily companions with the working girls of this great Babylon. Many women, it is true, get good positions, after years of labor, and live with comfort; but, take the great sum of women who constitute the shop and sewing-girls of the metropolis, and the result is a sad, sad record of broken hopes, wasted strength, or of something sadder still—of lost humanity. Dear, pure "Farmer's Daughter," do not think of the city as a happy escape from your burdens; it is the last place for you to choose if you are helpless and alone.

It is "George Greenwood" (Mrs. Lippincott) does not edit the *Little Pippin*. That publication has ceased to exist. Grace is one of the strong-minded; she is a "Washington Correspondent," by profession; is neither young, graceful nor gay; but is a sedate, intellectually keen, but somewhat coarse lady of about fifty years. So, "your dream" is sadly shattered. A great many literary notabilities are more likely to excite admiration at a distance than upon close inspection.

**Foolscap Papers.**
**A Notable Noticed.**

The following graceful article from the pen of my old friend, Scissors, editor of the *Weekly Bleat*, is a deserved compliment to your humble servant, and my modesty will not permit me to pass it by without laying it before the reader, at least once.

**A PLEASANT MEETING.**

"While in the city last week, we were so fortunate as to meet the renowned Washington Whitehorn on the street. Associating with so many other great men, as he does, it was not to be expected that he would remember such an inferior person as myself, at first glance; but when we told him of a little circumstance that happened twenty years ago, when we did him the honor of fishing for him all night in a village mud-puddle—we knew he was in there, for there was a bottle on the bank—and finally found him by his feet sticking out, and which wouldn't sink—when we told him this, he remembered us, but couldn't recall the circumstance. Then he shook hands so warmly with us that we thought he was about asking us for a favor.

If a person runs down a newspaper in my presence, and talks of the ill-taste its editors have in the acceptance of matter, I put it down that he has sent them an article and it has been declined.

If I am invited out to dinner, and my hostess is continually apologizing for the poorness of her viands, my conscience tells me that she thinks she's never made any thing better, and expects me to praise them.

view of his stockings was as fine a landscape as you ever saw. By strict attention to his business, and the use of a good deal of coloring matter, he has got his nose pretty well toned, and appears to be very proud of it, and blows it once a week to slow music.

He loves to dwell on the memory of his youth, and has a fatherly affection for the boy he used to be, whom he thinks has never been surpassed.

Mr. Whitehorn, when a boy, had a great taste for shows, and we remember how he once started a menagerie with a few curious animals on a small scale—the principal one being a cat from the neighborhood of the Pole, we think; then there was a singed mouse, a cross-eyed cat, and some blind pups, if we mistake not. These he carried around on Saturdays among the boys, and showed them for the small sum of five pins, but we believe other produce was taken in exchange, such as marbles, small chews of dog-leg tobacco, nails, etc. The show for awhile was a success, but one day the cat from the Pole, taking advantage of Mr. Whitehorn, the business was abandoned for that of peddler of *Ode de mustard* (see Webster), but that broke him! He had to say adieu to all his friends.

He asked about an old shoemaker in our town, and was visibly affected when he told him he was living yet, and said, scratching his head with the spoon: "Poor fellow, if those boots he once made for me had been made out of the note I gave them for them, I would have been wearing them still!" He was much interested in regard to the changes which had occurred here, and he asked, as he poured some more of the 1856 brand in the tumbler to wash the sugar out, if the old still-house was going on yet.

"Ah," said he, with tears in his eyes, "the ties that bind me to that village can never be broken. Is the old jail still there?"

When we told him that we had married the girl to whom he was once engaged the engagement was broken off on account of his income-potability, he said from the depths (quarter less twain) of his heart he sympathized with us.

We remember how that old head of him, upon which so many honors lie, at school used generally to be crowned with a paper cap, with the Latin motto, DUNCI, in large letters, on it. He liked it, for he used to think he was thereby compared with the author of the *Dunciad*, and he knew he was right about it, to this day.

He asked if the corner grocery still waved, and spoke feelingly of the time that he spent getting his education on the rock in front of that store—he was well educated, if we remember rightly—and he was very sad when we told him the old lady was dead whose chickens used to take sudden freaks of going off with him late at night, and for which he neglected to leave vouchers, or any other kind of collateral.

He said all that he could do for her would be to write an epitaph now for her which would communicate thus (we leave out the hiccoughs):

"She has gone to the Charles Dickens, From whom we used to steal the chickens."

He said it was no more than right to modify the last word in the first line by the word "Charles," and he hoped that the ghost of the old lady, if present, would manifest its acquiescence, although she once got him into hot water by turning the tea-kettle a little too much up over him when he was half in and half out of the coop, reaching for a hen a little faster than the one he had in hand.

We told him his name was still on some of the old hotel registers there in the town, and he remarked that the landlords there thought so much of him that they had never scratched his name off their debtor books.

Mr. Whitehorn is a whole-souled man—not a half-soled one; he has taken Destiny by the coat-tail and gone through like a mace, until he now stands head and ears above any one else—especially the ears. When he undertakes any thing, it is the same as if it was commenced, and he never fails under the most favorable circumstances.

Yes, we paused before that splendid prodigy, thinking, "here is the sum of all perfection," and we laid our mouth in the tumbler.

Scissors is a smart man, and the idea that he was paid by me for writing this is a great mistake.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN,  
STRAWS.

TEXT: Straws show which way the wind blows.

WHEN I hear man complain about hard times, and how difficult it is for him to meet his payments, I don't think it looks just the thing for him to be smoking fifteen-cent cigars.

When I overhear a woman calling her husband "my dear," and "my love," I feel morally certain that she is angling after a new dress.

If a person runs down a newspaper in my presence, and talks of the ill-taste its editors have in the acceptance of matter, I put it down that he has sent them an article and it has been declined.

If I am invited out to dinner, and my hostess is continually apologizing for the poorness of her viands, my conscience tells me that she thinks she's never made any thing better, and expects me to praise them.

If I go to the opera, and the auditorium is quite dark, and the young man who sits before me puts his arm around the back of the chair which holds a very lovable young girl, I truly imagine them to be sweethearts, and it will take a good deal to convince me to the contrary.

When some farmer's wife (at whose house I may stop on my way to the White Mountains) shows me a cunning little pair of socks, and as she brushes away a tear, tells me they were Freddie's, I can almost see a little white marble stone in the churchyard marked, "To the memory of Freddie," and I know there is another little angel singing in heaven around the "great white throne."

When I notice how careful the roses are tended, and how free from weeds the mound in the old cemetery is, I can tell that he or she who sleeps underneath it is still remembered.

The way I came to find out what a tender heart my good friend Mrs. B. had, was by seeing her extract a fly from a tumbler of water into which it had fallen, and putting it on the sunny window-sill to let it dry.

When I believe all the accounts of eminent singers who come loaded down with badges of honor and letters of recommendation, and I go to the concert hall there to be disappointed by third or fourth rate "artists," I think the Bible phrase of "put not your trust in princes," should be changed into "put not your trust in programmes."

When farmers say they "think it all foolishness, and waste of good money, to take a paper," I am not a bit surprised that they feel almost as sheepish as their own mutton in learning they have sold their produce at some half a hundred dollars below the market price.

Mrs. Worth, if she had the money, would do all in her power to aid the poor, and there's Mrs. Wealth who has the money but not the will. Wouldn't it be a good thing if Mrs. Worth had Mrs. Wealth's riches, and Mrs. Wealth had Mrs. Worth's heart?

How is it that some people *always* appear to be flush of stamps? I know I have written as many as fifty letters on business, inclosing a stamp for a reply, but not an answer have I had yet. I wonder if it isn't as great a sin to keep a stamp as it is to keep a greenback that don't belong to you?

I guess if you could see Miss Eve Lawless when the mail comes, and the carelessness with which she throws all the other papers aside to get a peep at the "SATURDAY JOURNAL," you'd know that "straws show which way the wind blows."

There, I declare if there isn't a woman passing beneath the window, and a gentleman has accidentally trod on her dress. She is about to cast a frown on the unlucky wight, when, noticing the culprit to be excessively handsome, she assumes her most bewitching smile, as much as though it were her highest ambition to have her dress trod upon. Straws again.

And here come two boys driving carts of stone; one is beating his poor horse, and using words that are not approved of in Sunday-school tracts, while the other gets off his seat, and calling his steed in gentle terms, leads him along. I know which of those boys will make the best husband and father.

There are a great many straws in this world, and any quantity of wind to blow them about. I wish the straws were riches and could be blown to the doors of the poor and needy!

By the way, MR. JOURNAL, did you know what a heap of good you're doing?

Some morose old fellow says he can't see the sense of funny articles while a poor young widowwoman I know, tells me she is always repaid for many dull hours, she would have if it wasn't for laughing over the funniness of "BEAT TIME," "WASHINGON WHITEHORN," and "JOE JOE, JR."

Talking of straws, I ought to have said, "A drowning man will catch at a straw," but, brother Tom says, *any other man will—if there's a cobbler at the end of it!*

Yours (bothered by Tom.)

EVE LAWLESS.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

The essentials of a lyric poem are, sweetness, simplicity, ease and tenderness.

It is to young writers—in fact, to all—a difficult task to write any thing essentially lyric. Akenside, in modern times, did much to bring lyric composition and the ode to the sweetness and beauty it attained under Moore's skillful handling; Collins following Akenside with eminent success in the undertaking. It is, therefore, comparatively speaking, only of late that English lyric poetry and the ode have come much into vogue.

Now, as to the young writer who attempts this species of composition, forget that while fancy is the great ornament thereto, *simplicity* should flow in every line, not implying that the sublime—which only simplicity can well express, and in which Horace excels ancients and moderns alike—should be excluded.

Look at any of Tennyson's lyrics, and though few you will find how calculated to please a skilful arrangement of words may be. Often, where he says least, the sweetness and gentle flow of his verse charms; till we forget it, and imagine he excels most. Sweetness is, then, an essential of the lyric, and also simplicity, as he concludes that he can conscientiously prosecute his trade.

So in a thousand cases, from the pettiest wrong to the foulest crime. But the honest man will welcome every fact and set it in an honest light, whatever it may cost; and so, in the silence of his soul, heroic battles are fought, and moral victories achieved known only to God.

BY J. G. MANLY, JR.

**MINE IN DEATH.**

She was as fair, as pure a maid,

As ever walked the village green;

The sunshine of her years arrayed,

Her grace, as of a queen.

And sure, one bright May day, she stood

As a village queen in very deed;

Her dimples tinged with Beauty's blood,

Her lips with lover's need!

Almost angelic was her maiden brow!

Her whispers past me seem to flow;

I gaze upon her face!

I then was but a village lad;

Now, I have grown to be a man;

I have my share of sorrows had,

And early they began.

And still I love, though her I love,

Is mantled by the dreary dust;

Her spirit round my soul doth move,

Like some sweet guest to trust.

While all of earth seem lost, estranged,

She has but left me for a time;

My love, which years have never changed,

Time's ladder doth not climb.

I met her when sweet even fell

## The Patriot's Daughter.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

stepped into the closet, and, sure enough, she did hear the Englishmen laying out the burglary, or rather getting ready to do it, for she could hear the jingle of the tools as they assort them, maybe, or bundled them up ready for carrying.

When she came out there stood Nellie with her little hood and cloak on, all ready to go out into the night and it a-raining in torrents.

Of course the mother was frightened at the thought of her doing it, but she never flinched, and hurried her child out as though it had been broad day and the sun a-shining. And I tell you, sir, it ain't many mothers would have done that just to save a rich man from being robbed of a few hundred, or even thousand dollars.

Well, the brave little girl waded and splashed through the storm, and when she got to the house it was some time before she could gain admittance, but, finally, one of the girls about the place opened the door and she went.

She would only tell her business to the mistress, and was near being turned out, but luckily or unluckily, Mrs. Snowden was awakened by the row, and ordered that she come up to her. It took but a few minutes to tell what she knew, and the whole house was roused, a policeman from his beat summoned, and then they waited for the cracksmen to come. The policeman and Mr. Snowden were concealed in the main hall, while the nephew, together with the coachman and gardener, lay hid in the basement. In about an hour a slight noise at one of the rear windows told them that the burglars were at work, and in less than five minutes the sash was raised, and one of them leaped into the room.

The other one followed quickly, the third remaining without, probably on watch.

The thieves seemed to know their ground well, and without pausing even to look around, they made for the stairs that led into the upper part of the house. The men on watch below allowed them to reach the upper landing, thus getting them between two fires as it were, and then made a rush, while the officer and the gentleman closed on them from the other side. The struggle was a desperate one, for those English burglars hate to be nabbed, and more than one of their assailants received wounds, the marks of which carried to the grave.

But numbers overcome the villains and they were finally knocked down, tied and manacled, but not however till one of them had caught a glimpse of a crowd of scared faces gazing at them from the parlor doors.

As evil luck would have it, one of these was the face of Nellie, and, as the cracksmen saw it, he uttered a savage curse, couched with a muttered threat of some kind, the exact words of which could not be distinguished.

He had seen the girl enter her home that night, and it did not take him long to guess why she was here instead of being where he had supposed she was, namely, in her bed in the old tenement.

Well, well, I needn't dwell in telling the remainder.

Both of them were tried and sentenced to a long term at Sing Sing, and there they were taken a few days after.

Just six months had passed when, one morning, the papers announced an uprising among the prisoners at the penitentiary, the murder of one of the keepers, and escape of three of the convicts, among whom was one of the English burglars who had been convicted some half a year previous for attempted robbery of the house of a rich merchant.

Poor people, such as we, do not see the papers every day; and so the escape was known to none in the tenement where Nellie and her mother lived. Nor did I know of it until after the terrible tragedy, a day or two afterward.

It was the Sunday following the escape,

and Nellie was at home for the night as usual, for, since her noble conduct at the time of the burglary, she was permitted to spend every Sunday with her mother.

It must have been past midnight, for the whole house was long since buried in slumber, when, suddenly, the most awful screams broke upon the stillness, and instantly everybody was awake, running wildly about the walls and stairways of the old rookery, seeking to know where those fearful sounds had come from.

Some one cried that it was from the widow's room, and thither we rushed, and finding the door locked, we burst it open and went through in a body.

"Ah's a me, sir, it was a woeful sight that met our eyes. Near the middle of the floor

lay the seemingly lifeless body of the mother, while further on, between it and the closet, the door of which was open, we saw the form of the daughter, lying in a great pool of blood that was still gushing from a horrible wound in her temple. The beautiful young face was white and rigid in death, the eyes wide open and staring fixedly at the ceiling, and the little hands tightly clasped in the last terrible agony. I lifted her from the ghastly pool in which she lay, and placing her on the bed, turned to see if there remained any traces of the assassin.

He had left a broad trail behind him, and I knew in a moment who had done the foul deed.

I have told you the closet door was open, and looking within, I saw that the partition, only one brick in thickness here, had been torn away, and an entrance effected in that manner.

There could be no doubt it was the English burglar, and thus he had revenged himself upon the helpless girl who had defeated his plans and caused his imprisonment.

But thanks to a good Providence, he was soon caught, and these old eyes saw the villain swing.

The mother revived and lingered along for a few months, and then death kindly came and took her away.

*Brave girl, you are a true patriot.*

The following gem from the writings of Dickens has of late been going the rounds of the press. It was beautiful before; but the world's bereavement by the death of the author makes it sadly appropriate now:

"There is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, though its body be burned to ashes or buried in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the hosts of heaven but does its blessed work on earth in those who loved it here. Dead! Oh, if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! for how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be seen to have their growth in dusty graves!"

## The Patriot's Daughter.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

The battle of Brandywine was over, and weary and defeated the American army had retreated to Philadelphia. More than one thousand patriots were missing, and the blood of the noble, gallant Marquis Lafayette had fructified the soil of Pennsylvania.

When she came out there stood Nellie with her little hood and cloak on, all ready to go out into the night and it a-raining in torrents.

Of course the mother was frightened at the thought of her doing it, but she never flinched, and hurried her child out as though it had been broad day and the sun a-shining. And I tell you, sir, it ain't many mothers would have done that just to save a rich man from being robbed of a few hundred, or even thousand dollars.

Well, the brave little girl waded and splashed through the storm, and when she got to the house it was some time before she could gain admittance, but, finally, one of the girls about the place opened the door and she went.

She would only tell her business to the mistress, and was near being turned out, but luckily or unluckily, Mrs. Snowden was awakened by the row, and ordered that she come up to her. It took but a few minutes to tell what she knew, and the whole house was roused, a policeman from his beat summoned, and then they waited for the cracksmen to come. The policeman and Mr. Snowden were concealed in the main hall, while the nephew, together with the coachman and gardener, lay hid in the basement. In about an hour a slight noise at one of the rear windows told them that the burglars were at work, and in less than five minutes the sash was raised, and one of them leaped into the room.

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watch below allowed them to reach the upper landing, thus getting them between two fires as it were, and then made a rush, while the officer and the gentleman closed on them from the other side. The struggle was a desperate one, for those English burglars hate to be nabbed, and more than one of their assailants received wounds, the marks of which carried to the grave.

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At a glance, and perhaps a second look, one would have dubbed him a tory or a deserter; but the impression, however strong, would have been removed at his words:

"Well, the accursed British haven't caught me yet! I played my cards well, and would have won had it not been for Mark Adams, the deserter. And this is the revenge he thought to take upon me! He never forgets that I had him gagged for mutiny. He should thank his star that I did not have shot, and thus rid the patriot service of a curse. He should thank me that I did not tell Mad Anthony about his case. He knew that Wayne sent me from the camp as a spy, and so he deserted to the red-coated enemy, to point me out and see me hung! I saw the devil in his eye when he entered the camp to-day, and so I left. I reckon Cornwallis will be surprised to hear that Jasper Heath, the tory, is also a patriot spy. But I must be going on. I made good time in getting here, but I know I will be pursued, for my escape has been discovered ere this. Hest?"

He dropped upon his knees and placed his ear to the ground. He remained a moment in this attitude, and then sprung to his feet.

"I was right; my escape has been discovered, and I am pursued. They are in

the valley already, and doubtless Mark Adams rides with them. Oh, I would give my commission for a shot at the deserter! But my time will come yet—yes, it will."

"They have loaded—they are loaded—remember, I go below the porch to the cellar door."

"Major, are you there?"

"Yes," answered the spy. "But, if the spy is not in the house, he is not. You can proceed to the cellar, where I will join you after changing your dress."

"The captain and his troopers exchanged significant glances; but no objection was offered to Viola's desire, and they left the room.

"When the last Briton had descended the stairs, the young girl stepped to the concealed door.

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Colonel Eldridge hastened to apprise Major Dean of the welcome intelligence, and lingered, hoping to catch a parting glimpse of the face so dear to him.

Day after day passed; he happy in the knowledge that the peerless Miriam would soon be his own; she miserable at the near approach of the day when she would assume fetters her own hands had forged. But more miserable still was the young lieutenant, who knew that the idol at whose shrine he had knelt would soon be severed from him forever. One last appeal he made, but the tiny missile never reached its destination, as Major Dean received and committed it to the flames. Convinced of his love's faithlessness, he sought and obtained a transfer to a different scene of action. The beautiful morn, that smiled upon a frozen bride, shed its luster over a traveler stricken beneath a blow for which there seemed no healing.

A year sped by on noiseless wings and the bride had merged into the cold, emotionless wife. The husband, still fond and loving, suffered silently on, the fallacy of his hopes all too apparent. They had recently left the sheltering walls of Fort L— and were now stationed at a more remote scene. Entering her apartment the morning after their arrival, Colonel Eldridge carelessly remarked:

"I saw a mutual acquaintance a moment since."

"Well, gratify my curiosity with the name," answered Miriam.

"Lieutenant Ainslie, formerly of my regiment."

The quick pang and sudden tension of the heart-strings attested but too surely that the old love was not dead but slumbering. Her momentary emotion was not lost upon her observant husband. Sealing himself beside her, his former suspicions all aroused, he said:

"Miriam, what was this man to you, the bare mention of whose name has such power to agitate you?"

"Colonel Eldridge, remember you address your wife. Seek not to lift the pall from the buried past. You accepted my hand, and I have endeavored to prove a faithful wife."

"Oh! Miriam," was wrung from his tortured heart, "can I never win your love, your confidence? Will patient waiting never reap its reward?"

"As a wife you have all the esteem in my power to bestow. I told you I had no heart to give; I was candid, and you seemed satisfied."

"Esteem is a cold word from a wife's lips. Do I not merit a warm place in your affections, Miriam? Perhaps you may have experienced pangs such as now rend my heart, but I pray heaven has averted such pain. I can blam but myself, but, oh, if you could love me," he exclaimed, as he left the room.

Left to herself, Miriam paced the floor in an agony too deep for the blessed solace of tears. A band seemed tightening over her heart, and her brain was whirling with the intensity of her emotion. Now did she fully realize the enormity of the sin she had committed. Ah! better to have braved an uncle's indignation, better to have lived singly on a cold, loveless existence, than to be bound for life with fetters that gall, that death alone has the power to univet! Not alone had she been unjust to herself, but to what a bitter fate had she condemned the man, who, though cold and stern to the world, yet to her had ever been most kind, tender and devoted. Vain sophistries would not serve her now. She saw the falsity of the reasonings that led to the sacrifice. Though she had striven to do her duty as a wife, yet the divine spark that makes a paradise of earth was wanting, and she read in the desolate face of her husband that it would have been greater mercy to have rejected a suit, which might have found consolation in the blessing of required love. Ah! we press apples of Sodom to our lips, to find them turn to ashes of bitterness ere we scarce have tasted them!

Why had fate sent her youthful love again across her path, when she was straining daily to lead a better, happier life? She felt that she must not look again upon a face that her traitor heart whispered had still such potent charm for her. In that brief space of time she lived over again the happy moments of her one blissful love-dream. But in mockery, the memory of the present whispered of the sinfulness of such retrospection.

Falling upon her knees she raised her burning eyes to that God whose commands she had so ignored. No sound escaped the parched lips, but the heart sent forth a wild prayer for forgiveness and divine assistance in the atonement she had resolved upon. Redoubled attention and a semblance of affection at least, should take the place of her former coolness. Rising from her knees with a heart still heavily burdened, she sought oblivion for a time at least in a soothing amodyne. She had often sought relief from harrowing thought in this manner, and when her husband entered the apartment some hours later he found her wrapped in the blissful arms of slumber. Gazing long at the beauteous, unconscious sleeper, dark, brooding thoughts rushed through his mind, and he swore no obstacle should intervene between him and her, to gain whose love he would imperil his soul. Bending over her he imprinted a kiss upon the pure, fair brow. A troubled look overspread her face, and

the delicately-chiseled lips parted, murmuring the low-whispered word, "Lionel." With a muffled cry of pain he started up. Here was confirmation of all his fears; this the reason he could gain no avenue to the frozen heart. She had willfully misrepresented her true feelings, and now fierce passions swayed him. He would throw these tender lovers together, gloat over the agony he knew they would feel; such agony as he knew from bitter experience. Even though he suffered in their sufferings, though it would but add fuel to his own consuming jealousy, yet there would be grim satisfaction in the knowledge that others felt some of the despair that sent reason tottering on its throne.

He sought the green woods, but the cooling winds brought but slight relief to the fevered brain. He lingered long in the wild forest, and at last found calmness, if not forgetfulness.

Faithful to her resolution, Miriam, finding somewhat refreshed by her long sleep, greeted him on his return with more warmth of manner than she had ever evinced toward him. But the lurking demon, jealousy, was aroused, and the memory of that unconsciously uttered name rankled still. In her conciliatory advances he read only further evidences of continued duplicity, yet he gave no token of his altered feeling save in a studied coolness, quite foreign to his usual bearing.

Anxious to avoid a meeting with Ainslie, Miriam continued in seclusion for several days. Feeling faint from the close confinement, she one afternoon strolled a short distance from the fort, and seating herself on a moss-grown rock beneath a giant oak, overcanopied with trailing vines, gave herself up to meditation. Startled from her musings by the sound of approaching footsteps, she hastily arose and stood face to face with the man she was now most desirous of avoiding. A confused exclamation burst from their lips at the unexpected encounter. Lieutenant Ainslie was the first to regain his composure, and remarked, with some asperity:

"Excuse me, Mrs. Eldridge. Had I been aware that these sheltering vines concealed a phantom of the past, I should not have dared to intrude; fear would have lent me wings."

"You are severe, Lieutenant Ainslie," replied Miriam, a rising flush mantling her cheek. "The phantom is powerless to hurt you now."

"But not to be hurt, I think. The armor is not invincible to the dangers that lurk in these solitudes. Methinks Colonel Eldridge is not over-careful of the jewel he has won."

"You are apt at comparisons, truly! What compatibility have jewels and phantoms, pray tell me? But, apropos of my husband: he knows not whether his jewel has strayed. It left without so much as, 'By your leave, sir!'"

"Applied to your sex the terms may be regarded as synonymous. We seek woman's love as the jewel above price, but, alas, in the search the illusion vanishes, and we find we have but chased a phantom after all!"

"You seem disposed to be cynical, Lieutenant Ainslie."

"Who made me so, Miriam Eldridge? Who first destroyed my faith in woman-kind, and from a worshiper changed me to a doubter of the innocence and truth of your sex?"

"Has not woman just cause for complaint also? You win us but to toy with our affections, and cast them aside like playthings of a day. Your own coldness and indifference has made you what you are."

"Cold and indifferent? Never to you, Miriam. You seemed happy in your choice."

"Happy! Happiness and I, shook hands in parting months ago, Lieutenant Ainslie."

"Miriam," he replied, a sudden thought striking him, "why did you not reply to the note I sent you some time previous to your marriage?"

"I received no note," replied Miriam.

"Can it be your uncle destroyed it?"

My messenger unfortunately gave it to him. In it I implored your forgiveness and petitioned for a renewal of our troth."

"Oh, the treachery of my uncle! He commanded me to marry Colonel Eldridge, and this, added to your seeming coldness, caused me to yield at last," groaned Miriam.

"Miriam, Miriam, what happiness might have been ours! I have striven to tear your image from my heart, but one glimpse of your beautiful face has revived the love of bygone years. But I forget, I address another's wife."

"Oh, Lionel, what fate led me hither? How miserably I have failed in my duty to my devoted husband. I must endeavor to make some amends. I will ask him to let me return to my old home in N——. With God's help I will endeavor to repay some of the kindness he has lavished upon me. Farewell, I must not see you again."

"It is madness, Miriam, to know that you loved me even while taking vows that bound you to another. One last boon I crave, and then back to cold, stern duty."

Seizing her in his arms he pressed one last lingering kiss upon her lips.

A hoarse, wild laugh rung out on the still summer air. A startled glance showed the hitherto calm face of Colonel Eldridge, transformed into that of a mocking demon.

"She has ruptured a blood-vessel," spoke Doctor Hardy, "and I fear we can do nothing for her."

"Oh, God, save my Miriam, spare my beautiful darling! Hardy, tell me she will not die!" groaned Eldridge. But, even as

"Pray proceed, do not let me interrupt so striking a tableau, and I will enact the missing part of an audience or is this only a private rehearsal?" he sneeringly said.

Falling at his feet Miriam plead in frantic tones for forgiveness.

"Indeed, Henry, we meant no wrong. Forgive, for I have suffered so much!"

"My sufferings are accounted as nothing, I suppose. Rise, madam. I wish to more scenes. You have drained to the dregs the bitter cup you held to my lips, and the knowledge is balm to my torn heart. But you, sir," he shrieked, turning to Ainslie, "rest assured I shall never forgive the insult offered me."

With a mocking bow he offered his arm to his trembling wife, remarking:

"Come, madam, I will escort you home, as I do not trust you alone."

"Hear me one moment, Colonel Eldridge," interposed Ainslie.

"No, sir, you shall hear from me hereafter."

With tottering steps Miriam followed her husband. Silently he led her to the fort, and left her at the door of her apartment. The chilling glare of his eye cast a foreboding gloom over her heart. He proceeded to the quarters of a familiar friend, where he remained until a late hour.

Lieutenant Ainslie, pacing his quarters, a prey to the keenest remorse for having inadvertently brought this new trouble upon her he would have died to save, was at last aroused by a messenger who handed him a folded paper, which, on glancing over, he found to be a challenge to mortal combat from Colonel Eldridge. He pondered long over its contents, but finally sent an acceptance, though bitterly averse to this falsely-styled "Code of Honor."

Summoning two staunch tried friends, who agreed to act as seconds, they met those of Colonel Eldridge, and arranged the preliminaries. Pistols were the chosen weapons, and the combat was to take place outside the precincts of the garrison at five o'clock the next morning.

The gloom that so oppressed Miriam's spirits deepened as night approached and her husband did not return. A tireless vigil she kept as darkness crept on apace, and at last gave place to the first streaks of gray light in the east. Finally, a little after four, he entered, looking pale and haggard. Advancing toward her, he raised her in his arms, and rained a shower of kisses over her cheek and brow and pallid lips. Then seizing her face in his hands, he gazed long and earnestly in the beautiful eyes, as though he would impress each loved liment upon his heart forever. Pressing one last kiss upon her lips, he abruptly turned, saying in dreary tones:

"Miriam, too fondly loved, forgive," and was gone.

"Oh, my husband, come back to me. I will, I must love you!" shrieked Miriam, and fell fainting to the floor. He heard her not but strode on to the appointed place of meeting, where he was soon joined by the other actors in the sanguinary drama about to be enacted.

The two combatants stood facing each other, the distance had been paced off, and now the fatal words rolled out, and the report of arms broke the quiet of the morning air. Lieutenant Ainslie's pistol had been pointed wide of his mark. He would not deliberately take a fellow creature's life, even though his own should pay the forfeit. But the unerring ball of his opponent found a sure lodgment in the generous heart of young Ainslie, and he fell to the earth, his lifeblood dying the green turf around. The surgeon sprang to his side, while the others grouped around, but were startled by a shrill, piercing shriek and the appearance of the white-robed figure of Miriam, who, on reviving from her faintness, had rushed out in search of her husband, whose strange conduct had alarmed her. Some of the soldiers indicated the direction in which he had gone. The scene which met her appalled gaze caused the shriek which aroused the party around the fallen man. Falling on her knees beside the inanimate form, with clasped hands and cheeks like the pale snow-drift, she wailed forth:

"Dead, dead! Oh, Henry, not by your hand? Surely I have not made my husband a murderer." Appalled by the ominous silence, she started up, exclaiming: "Oh, pitying Heaven, hadst thou no mercy?" and fell forward upon the prostrate form, a bright crimson stream welling from her parted lips.

"Look to your wife, Eldridge," exclaimed Doctor Hardy, as he sprang to her side. "My God, this is dreadful."

Colonel Eldridge seized her cold hands, moaning:

"Miriam, dear Miriam, speak to me I implore you. Open your beautiful eyes, darling, and tell me you do not utterly hate me for this."

The snowy lids slowly lifted, revealing the liquid orbs beneath.

"Henry," she gasped, in faint tones, "forgive your poor Miriam. I feel that I am going; raise me in your arms," and, as she spoke, a quick gush of blood issued forth, and her head fell back upon her husband's shoulder.

"She has ruptured a blood-vessel," spoke Doctor Hardy, "and I fear we can do nothing for her."

"Oh, God, save my Miriam, spare my beautiful darling! Hardy, tell me she will not die!" groaned Eldridge. But, even as

he spoke, the film of death glazed the bright, dark eye, and gray shadows stole over the face where lingered such unearthly beauty. Silently the King of Terrors approached, and the weary heart found rest forever.

Taking the lovely form from the arms that held it in such wild embrace, Doctor Hardy gently laid it by the side of the fallen man.

Eldridge mechanically arose like one in a dream, and suffered himself to be led away; but the fitful light of insanity gleamed from his eyes, and on the morrow, when the earth received his loved forever, with one long, wailing cry, the overburdened mind gave way, and in a private asylum for the insane he died some months later.

By the side of his Miriam he sleeps in death's long repose, while a third green mound marks the spot where, in dreamless slumber, the young lieutenant rests.

### A Woman's Vengeance.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

To be caught "out of sight of land" on a burning prairie, with the wind driving full on; to find yourself in front of a herd of charging buffaloes, whose solid front stretches away on either hand as far as the eye can reach; to be surrounded by a yelling, screeching war-party of savages, keen for blood and scalps, and no reasonable hope or chance of escape; to be cooped up with a grizzly, after his winter's nap, in a narrow cavern, are, and all who have any knowledge of the situations will admit it, very trying on the nerves, to say the least of it.

Well, in the course of a life of twenty years on the border, I have been subjected to all these, and yet live, remembering them only as incidents of stirring adventure, good to be related by the evening campfire. But there is a circumstance connected with a score of years experience, an adventure if you please, before which, for downright, absolute horror, these other things that I have enumerated pale into utter insignificance, and the remembrance of which is never recalled without a shudder of terror.

This is how it happened.

It was during the occupation of Vera Cruz by the United States troops, and but a short time after its fall, that I was in company with Captain H——, of the Kentucky rifles, passing along one of the side streets that opened into the Grand Plaza, when suddenly a man wrapped in a gorgeous serape which muffled his face up to the eyes, stepped from a doorway, and placing a tiny note in my hand, disappeared round the corner before either of us could speak.

We had been in the city but little over a fortnight, and hence were acquainted with but few of the inhabitants, ladies especially, and consequently both of us were much surprised at so unlooked-for an occurrence, especially as we saw the fellow was undoubtedly from one of the gentler sex.

It was directed in a beautifully fine handwriting, and emitted a faint though delicate perfume.

My name was fully and correctly inscribed upon the back, so that there could be no mistake. It was for me and no one else. I hastily broke the dainty seal of pearl-colored wax, and read as follows, in Spanish:

"SEÑOR—Should you care to see and know one who feels for you the deepest interest and friendship, meet the bearer of this note this evening, at eight o'clock, at the south-western entrance to the Grand Plaza, and follow where he will conduct you.

Signed, CLARITA."

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed H——, "a regular adventure, by Jove!"

"More like a plan to cut my throat and pilage my purse," said I.

"Perhaps, but at any rate it's worth a trial," replied H——, who was as full of dare-devil courage as a man well could be.

"Will you go?" he continued.

"Certainly not," I answered. "I know no lady in this city, and—"

"That's just it, you see," he interrupted.

"She don't know you, but evidently wants to. She's seen you through those confounded lattice-work they have over all their doors and windows here."

"I care not, I won't go," I said, determinedly.

"Good! let me go and play your hand," exclaimed my friend, eagerly.

Of course the moment I found he was really in earnest in his desire to undertake the adventure, I began to entertain the idea of going myself. It's always the case, and the harder he insisted, the more stubborn I grew, and finally ended by declaring my intention of attending the rendezvous.

"There may be danger in it," said H——, thoughtfully; "these Mexicans have such a devilish way of slipping a knife into one's back. I shall stand guard a little way off, and if you are beset, you can sing out and I'll come to the rescue with reinforcements. Shall I?"

"You may be right," I replied. "It will do no harm, but be careful, H——, and not be seen, or it might spoil all."

The clock was striking eight as I halted on the corner of the street specified in the note, and instantly a man, the same, I judged, who had delivered the message, stepped to my side and said:

"Is the señor ready to follow?"

"Where do you wish me to go?" I asked, suspiciously, desiring to ascertain

# SATURDAY

# JOURNAL

You killed him, you and your bandit crew, and I have sworn that you shall die as well."

Here was a pretty ending to my love affair. I do believe that at this moment I was selfish enough to have wished that H—— had persuaded me to let him come in my stead. There was no mistaking the terrible earnestness of this woman. She was mad, a raving maniac, not the shadow of a doubt of it, and here was I, beguiled by a false hope, or rather by my love of adventure, completely in her power.

I could not shoot her down, for she was a woman, and yet I knew my life hung upon a mere thread. I knew if I attempted to escape by a bold rush I should be overpowered and perhaps slain on the spot. What was I to do?

She evidently read what was passing through my mind, and the scowl grew darker on her face.

"You think to escape me. So did the other. Look!"

I involuntarily glanced in the direction indicated by her outstretched arm, and at the same instant I was seized from behind, my arms pinioned by a powerful grasp, and hurled with stunning force to the floor.

I struggled as only a man can who fights for life, but uselessly. In less time than it takes to write it, I was securely bound hand and foot.

"Away with him to the place where the other awaits him!" screamed the woman—I had almost said she-devil—and as I was lifted and borne from the room my ears were saluted by a shrill burst of maniacal laughter that actually froze the blood in my veins.

I was conveyed down two or three short flights of stairs; I heard the rattling of chains and the grating of heavy bolts shot back in their sockets, and then I was rudely thrown upon a damp floor, the door swung to with a dull clash, and I was alone amid almost Egyptian darkness.

I will not dwell upon my sufferings while in this living tomb, the atmosphere of which was reeking with so foul a stench that to breathe was actual labor.

I dared not explore its extent, for I feared a realization of my fears.

"To the place where the other awaits him," was what she had said, and these words were terribly significant.

And so, it seemed to me for days, I lay where I had fallen, utterly bereft of all hope, waiting for death to release me from that fearful prison-house. Nature could not long withstand such a strain, mentally and physically, and at length a happy unconsciousness came to my relief.

I returned to life with a vague sense of impending calamity—and with a dull, heavy sound ringing in my ears.

Again and again I heard it, and presently there seemed to mingle with it the shouts of men and the crash of firearms.

Fully awake now, I managed to roll myself to the door, and there I listened with strained senses to catch a repetition of the sounds.

There was no mistaking them! They were the blows of heavy hammers, the shouts of men, and the reports of musketry.

The massive door long withstood the sledges, even though they were pried by willing arms, but at last it gave way with a crash, and H——, at the head of a squad of my own boys, rushed into the noiseless place.

They almost recoiled from the fearful stench, but I was quickly gotten out and carried up-stairs, and from thence to my own quarters, where, after a long illness, I eventually recovered from that terrible experience.

H—— had watched me as I followed the guide, but had not been able to ascertain the exact house into which I had gone. They had searched several before reaching me, and hence the delay.

In the cell they found the decomposed remains of an officer, but the features were so much decomposed, that identification was impossible. He was, however, finally traced, having disappeared ten days previous to my adventure.

It seemed that the woman's lover had been killed in one of the engagements, and the loss had driven her crazy, her sole idea being to revenge his death. Her servants, all Mexicans, were willing tools, only too glad of an opportunity to slay an American.

You may rest assured, kind reader, that I accepted no more such invitations.

## Cruiser Crusoe: or, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER THIRTY-TWO.

HAD I consulted my own tastes, I should certainly have made myself a goodly rampart, have planted it with guns, and trusted to pure physical force for my defense. But it would have taken one man seven years of hard and incessant work to have achieved any thing like the work I intended, so I had to be more moderate in my ideas.

My stakes and transplanted trees had

progressed so much that it was a sight to behold. They had shot upward and sideways until they had become a tangled mass, and it was quite a task for me, every time I had been absent a little while, to cut myself a path by which to enter my retreat.

What more there was to be done I scarcely knew; but that something additional, in case of a furious onslaught, should be provided, seemed quite necessary—so, having thought on the matter a long time, the following plan was adopted. The great danger lay in the discovery of my pathway. That once in the hands of an enemy, any number might force their way in. As Pablina had done so once, it might be done again.

To obviate this, a number of good stout young trees were cut down, the branches roughly lopped off, and planted firmly with cross-beams on each side of the entrance. From one of these a heavy gate of bars was suspended and securely fastened, so as not to be opened from the outside. This, at all events, guarded against surprise, which was one of those things chiefily to be feared.

This having been executed to my complete satisfaction, my guns were all taken down, and a stout frame having been made, they were laid at about three feet from the ground, in a way to point all at the gate. But, as in the rainy season they would be spoilt, I had to erect over them a stout and slanting roof, while their muzzles were corked and their pams covered by a piece of skin securely tied down.

Had this been omitted, they would soon have been utterly spoiled, for rain in these latitudes is a very different thing from rain in England. First, you have a few passing showers, then these showers become more frequent and more copious until it pours torrents. The fall of water on my island was wild, like every thing else. During six months in the year the north wind blows incessantly, driving over dense masses of clouds, which sweep heavily over the earth, darkening the sky, and preceded in their course by dreadful peals of thunder.

On reaching the higher lands a rapid condensation takes place, which destroys the equilibrium, and a veritable deluge ensues.

In a few moments, cataracts rush from the mountain heights, the smallest rivulets are turned into torrents, and the rivers, overflowing their banks, cover the plains; this will last for a considerable time, during which to go forth is impossible. The natives of some parts of Africa abstain from lighting fires during this period, and even without food, rather than come into the open air.

The more surely to guard my guns, I made the thatch and boughs very low and projecting, while a little rill leading to my pond carried off the water at once. My next task was, for me, not an easy one. I required a ladder, by which secretly to leave my retreat, and reconnoiter, in case of a siege. This was very laborious, and when finished was not very handsome, but it served the purpose for which it was made.

Now I thought that I was a match for any number of naked savages who might venture to attack me. But there still remained the dangers of a long siege. They might find traces of me, and, unable to discover my actual abode, might wander about the island and render close concealment necessary. It is true, I had ample store of water, I had my grain and dry vegetables, but I wanted animal food.

A spot under the cliff, in which my cave was hidden, raised an idea in my head. On the other side of the pool from that which I occupied was a space about seven or eight feet wide between the palm trees and the rock, where scarcely any thing but grass grew. It ran back seventy feet, while the lower part of the palm trees were so dense with shrubs, that with a very little addition it could be made impenetrable.

Here I proposed to place a gazelle or two, and as many fowls as I could, there being ample food for them by only scratching the ground, and by picking up seed and vermin, which abounded in this humid spot.

But though I had the gazelles, the other creatures had to be found. I had seen nothing resembling the home hen, but it mattered little to me what they were so that they laid eggs. As to ostriches, it was out of the question.

It became necessary, in order to obtain a supply, to go on a voyage of discovery, which I was very loth to do, being in constant fear of the savages, whom I imagined to be roaming, like fierce lions, about the place, in search of whom they might devour. Cannibalism is a thing so horrid that it is not pleasant to talk about, but it is, nevertheless, one of those things which should be known, that we may be more fully aware of the blessings of civilization.

This horrible propensity, of which my first idea, when a boy, was conveyed to me by the story of the ghoul in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," is common in many places, but generally among nations which have suffered intense privations. It then grows upon them, and the taste can not be shaken off. On this point my readers will pardon me if I digress so far as to tell a story which lives in my memory, though I can not recollect in what book of travels I read it, or to which exact tribe it refers.

There was, some years ago, say in the beginning of the century in which I write, a tribe of harmless and happy African savages, neither negroes nor Arabs, but probably a mixture of both. They were very happy. They had green pastures and steep hills, where the warriors and chiefs hunted the elk, the gua, and the wild boar; they had pleasant streams, whence they drew an ample supply of fish.

They were not a warlike or a savage race, but quite contented with their lot; living to eat, drink, marry, and give in marriage, until death took them away to the happy land; like a great many other people would be if only let alone by those terrible butchers of men called conquerors.

But ambition, unfortunately, is not wholly confined to civilized lands, so that this quiet and peaceful community was not left long in the enjoyment of happy hours. They were governed by a good king or chief, who cultivated, as far as in him lay, the arts of peace, and who tried to make his people a settled, instead of a nomadic

nation.

Then came news that a great chief, who lived beyond the Mountains of the Moon, was about to subdue all the nations of the earth; that is, all the tribes that came within his ken. They would have defended themselves, but they could not learn to fight in a day; which is a warning to nations, and disposes at once of the doctrine of peaceful Quakerism. They could not fly, for their enemies were on them.

Then this great chief, having conquered them almost without a struggle, did what other great chiefs in more civilized lands have done before—placed a lieutenant of his own over them, who also, like many other servants—oversights of slaves, to wit—was more cruel than his master. But he was very brave, which was something; but then he kept the people under a yoke of iron, so that they could scarcely call their souls their own.

But he was, I have said, cruel, and he subdued them and held them firmly in subjection, by putting to death, impaling, and poisoning without mercy any one who would not submit to his authority. But even his own followers wearied of his tyranny, and many of them, leaving themselves with the oppressed, secretly withdrew from his yoke, and fled to the hills.

But he, too, having escaped the yoke of a tyrant, became a tyrant himself, and fought with the tribes which lived in his neighborhood; being again a terror to his weaker and more peaceful neighbors. From that moment the land became the scene of continual and unremitting slaughter; no one feeling the curse of war more than those very tribes who wished to live in peace.

This state of things lasted many years, the fields remained uncultivated, and the horrors of famine were added to the already fearful horrors of war. Several tribes were utterly destroyed by this fearful and two-fold scourge. The same has been nearly the case in more civilized communities. The ties of friendship and consanguinity were soon wholly forgotten. Every one lived for himself alone. All gave themselves up to murder and pillage.

Then associations of cannibals were formed in the most inaccessible mountains—associations which, knowing no longer any distinction of race, tribe, or party, went forth prowling everywhere in search of their wretched victims. Years after, travelers visited these caves in which the wretches lived. The tradition, fortunately, only remained.

The ground was literally strewn with half-roasted skulls, shoulder-blades and broken bones. There were large red spots still perceptible in the most retired parts of these dens, where the flesh was deposited; the blood had penetrated so deep into the rock that the trace of it never can be effaced unto the end of time.

Nearly all the chiefs and influential men in the country were carried away by the terrible tide of war. But one able and observant chief contrived to breast the stream. He was a clever and a cunning man, endowed with remarkable strength of character, and knew effectually how to resist and to yield at the right moment. He made himself allies, even among his enemies; set others of his enemies by the ears; and showed himself generally a diplomatist as well as an able ruler.

So, finding he had a following large enough, he retreated to the top of a mountain, where, in a huge cavity of the rocks, he was safe from surprise. He had a tolerably good supply of flocks and herds, and labored hard to procure more. Soon many began to rally round him in the valley below. His power grew great, and in order to insure the gathering together of all his people, he restored tranquility as much as possible, and determined to suppress cannibalism.

He had to contend against the anti-cannibals, who wanted to slay them all without mercy, and against the cannibals, who were wedded to their habits. He forced a civil war to which that of the big-endians and the little-endians was as nothing. It would have depopulated a land which was already destitute of inhabitants. He was also fully aware that cannibalism, being neither a tenet of religion, a national custom, nor a tradition, must be repugnant to most of those who indulged in it.

But just then there occurred an event which almost shook his faith. The wife of a chief was carried away by the cannibals; but as there was a move in the right direc-

tion, the cannibals offered to take a ransom of six oxen. The chief, who was very fond of his wife, at once acquiesced. He, however, thought it wise not to venture in that direction himself, but deputed some young men to perform the task.

They started early in the morning, and soon reached the spot they were in search of. The cannibals had taken up their abodes in a vast and immense cavern, which was protected from approach by thorny bushes and fallen pieces of rock. The ambassadors entered into conversation with some women who were returning from the fields, bearing baskets of roots upon their heads. They told the envoys that the young woman they desired to restore to her family was still living, and added that the oxen would be willingly taken in exchange. These words gave them some courage.

Their next step was to climb the steep ascent which led to the entrance of the cave inhabited by the Anthropophagi. But no sooner did they reach the entrance of the cave than the envoy and his friends felt their legs begin to tremble beneath them, while a thrill of horror and disgust ran through their veins. Nothing was to be seen but skulls and broken bones. A woman was near the threshold cooking; she lifted a pot to stir the contents, and they saw a human hand.

They turned away after hearing that the men had gone out hunting. They soon had good cause to know what this meant, as they soon came in—a horrid and hideous crew, armed with clubs and javelins, and driving a captive before them with loud shouts of "Wah! wah!" The prisoner was a tall, well-formed and handsome young man, who entered before them with a firm and calm step, and most contemptuous expression of countenance. No red Indian at the stake could have shown more fortitude.

He sat down in the corner of the cave, and looked on with an air of the most perfect indifference, only listening with a satisfied air to the narrative of the envoy. While this was being told, one or two of the wretches approached and strangled the unfortunate youth, who made no struggle. The envoy turned away with horror, and having, with much praying, obtained the exchange, went away, glad to leave the place, the cannibal remarking that he had done him a great favor, as one young woman was worth far more than six oxen. But the upshot of this adventure shows the force of habit. The chief was delighted to see his wife; but she soon escaped from him, and returned of her own accord to the den from which she had been rescued. She had made friends there, and had acquired a taste for human flesh.

Now, this exasperated the people so much that they could scarcely be restrained from rising up and annihilating the whole set. But the wise king refused, and said that man-eaters were living sepulchers, and that no one could fight with sepulchers. These words being repeated to the wretches, they saw a way to pardon, and gave up their evil practices. The prevalence of the crime may be guessed, when I add that some few years after there were thirty or forty villages peopled by ex-cannibals.

Still, strangely as this story ends, in Borneo, in Africa, and other places, cannibals still exist.

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## SUMMER DAYS ARE O'ER.

BY LUCIUS C. GREENWOOD, THE JOURNAL.  
A moaning comes from the seas, 'tis the voice of each wild surge,  
A wail is borne on each breeze, a new sound  
Forming a sad, plaintive dirge,  
For the summer days are o'er,  
The pines give a mournful sigh,  
Which a human heart can thrill,  
And breezes come sweeping by,  
Which a tear in vain would still,  
For the summer days are o'er,  
Is from its clear liquid tongue;  
Ever echoed from the Hill,  
Are the songs, it long has sung,  
Of the summer days flown by,  
In the twilight hour, the shades,  
Wear a heavy gloom, which says,  
That the birds have flown from glades,  
And gone are the brightest days,  
For the summer days are o'er,  
The leaves give a rustling sound;  
From the boughs they drop away;  
As the breezes blow them 'round,  
A requiem softly play,  
For the summer days are o'er,  
Farewell, summer days, farewell!  
With thee, all our joys have flown;  
And sadness each heart doth swell,  
The winds may wail and se moan,  
For the summer days are o'er.

## Hung by Mistake.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

None knew him but to love him,  
None named him but to praise;  
Green is the turf above him,  
Friend of my better days!

It is seldom that an innocent man is hung; but Carl Rutger was executed for a crime of which he was as innocent as the babe unborn. Upon this startling declaration hangs a story which I am about to relate—I who stood by Carl in the trying hour, and proved him guiltless of murder when it was too late.

Carl Rutger was a native of Bavaria, and I doubt not that his brothers—who, thank God, know naught of his tragic and disgraceful end—have followed Prussia's eagles to victory on French soil the current year. I encountered him in New York in 1835, and that night, over sparkling goblets, we forged a chain of friendship whose golden links were soon to be broken by death.

He was an artist, and so was I. But there was a difference in our occupations; I drew and wrote; he merely drew. Our friendship soon ripened into brotherly love, and we united our fortunes. One day we bade adieu to the great metropolis, having jointly agreed to furnish some illustrated sketches for a popular magazine. We had nearly completed a tour of Pennsylvania when we reached a picturesque county seat of a not very populous country, where we soon decided to settle and inaugurate our labors.

We took a pretty room in the only hotel the town afforded, and soon made a host of friends. For several weeks every thing went along swimmingly—I writing up town life, and Carl sketching its striking features. A few days after the circuit court closed its spring session, I received an invitation to spend a day with His Honor Judge Markham, who resided near fourteen miles from Loganton, our temporary dwelling place.

Quite early in the morning I left Carl Rutger in bed, and entered the judge's carriage, which stood before the door of the hotel. I spent a great day with the judge, and the hour of my departure was ushered in by almost deafening thunder and a deluging rain.

"You will certainly remain over night, Mark," said the judge. "Carl will not look for you in such a storm, for I am sure that it came from Loganton."

For a moment I surveyed the work of the elements, and concluded to remain with my friend till morning.

All that night the storm raged with indescribable fury, and when I awoke it was still raining. Nevertheless I determined to return to Loganton immediately after breakfast. The judge reluctantly consented to my departure, and while we were at the table I heard my name called by somebody before the door. Wondering who the caller could be, I hurried to the front porch and confronted Dudley Carr, a warm friend of Carl myself.

I advanced to meet him, and he sadly leaned forward in the saddle and grasped my hand.

"What is the matter, Dudley?" I asked, noticing the sad expression on his countenance.

"Matter enough, Mark," was the reply. "We had a murder in Loganton last night."

As he uttered the last startling sentence, I knew a deadly pallor overspread my face. I felt its coldness, and grasped the bridle convulsively.

"A murder!" I echoed. "Is Carl—Carl?" I broke down, utterly unable to complete the terrible sentence.

"No, Mark, Carl is not killed; but he is arrested for murder."

I sprang from my friend and bounded into the judge's house. I encountered Mr. Markham in the hall.

"A horse! a horse!" I cried. "My life for a horse."

He was about to question me, but I interrupted him.

"Not now, judge, not now," said I. "Give me a horse; you will learn all soon enough."

He made me take his fleetest animal, and in an indescribably short space of time I was astride of Olypso, his favorite, and riding like a comet toward Loganton, with Dudley at my side.

I did not question him during the ride; but when I reached the little county town I soon learned the particulars of a murder of the darkest character, for which Carl Rutger stood arrested and accused.

The man who had been hurried into eternity by the assassin's knife was Harcourt Graham, the oldest and most exemplary citizen of the place. He was a widower, with one child, a very beautiful daughter, aged eighteen. To Ada Graham Carl Rutger had been paying his addresses for a fortnight, and upon the night of the crime had asked her hand of her father, but had met with a refusal couched in many a harsh word. Carl left the house in ill humor, and, according to his sworn statement, immediately sought his couch, to awake an hour after dawn, the sheriff's prisoner.

He found himself charged with the murder of Mr. Graham.

Blood was found on his clothes; but Carl showed a finger which he had cut on a broken glass before retiring. He declared that he bore the murdered man no ill-will—that he had intended to respect his decision regarding Ada's hand, trusting that he would reverse it in the future.

But, he was not believed, and I had an interview with him in the county jail. I believed his story, and did all that I could for him on the exciting trial that occupied seven whole days. I spent my entire means to procure talent to defend him; but it had no effect upon a prejudiced jury. The evidence against Carl was merely circumstantial, and upon it he was declared guilty, and condemned to be hung.

When the verdict was announced I pushed my way through the throng, and placed myself at Carl's side.

"Fellow-citizens," I shouted, "Carl Rutger is innocent of the great crime for which he has been condemned. Where is your proof? You would ask, 'Alas! I have none; but I swear before God, the creator, and you the creature, that he is guiltless—that Harcourt Graham's blood does not stain his soul.' Some day I will prove his innocence to your satisfaction—I will make those twelve men a set of murderers, to be conscience-driven to a miserable grave. I will do it, so help me God, in heaven!"

It was a fearful oath, and I saw the faces of the jurors pale beneath my flashing eyes. I followed poor Carl to the jail, where I left him to petition the Governor for a pardon. I found and left his excellency—who chanced to be Harcourt Graham's nephew—inmoveable, and returned to Loganton. Then I bent my energies to the task of discovering the real murderer, and I labored till the night preceding Carl's execution without success. That night I was permitted to spend with my doomed friend, and in the next morning I parted from him in the jail. I would not see him hung.

"I would be buried in the new cemetery here, Mark," he said, speaking low, just before he stepped into the wagon which was to convey him to the place of execution—the old jail-yard. "There I want to sleep till the resurrection. I need not tell you, for the last time, that I am innocent. You believe that I am. But, Mark, I have a single request to make ere we part to meet on earth no more. For three nights after my burial watch my grave."

"What do you fear, Carl?" I asked, surprised at his strange request.

"Fear!" he said, "I fear many things; but I forced him back, he gasped:

"Do not kill me! Spare my life, and I'll confess every thing. He paid me to kill Graham. He gave me five hundred dollars. Don't you choke me?"

Well might I choke the guilty, for whose damning crime the noble innocent slept the sleep of the dead. But I relaxed my hold just the least, and told him to confess all.

"Yes, he gave me five hundred to kill Graham—Wilfred Stafford. He knew that Rutger could be hung for it. He poison'd Graham against Rutger; he wants to marry Ada. I stole to Rutger's room and put my bloody knife in his pocket. Wilfred Stafford told me about the locket Rutger wore, and I

were now swiftly closing the gap that lay between us.

I now drew one pistol from its holster, and turning slightly in the saddle, opened fire with as steady an aim as was possible under the circumstances.

I saw in a moment that my chance of escape was desperate indeed, but nevertheless, having always made it a rule never to give up while life remained, I too began to use whip and spur while getting my heavy six-shooters in readiness for instant use. For an hour, perhaps, I maintained the lead with which I had started, but at the expiration of that time, I found my mustang was laboring heavily, and saw that my pursuers were now swiftly closing the gap that lay

between us.

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